APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

Come & See
the truth behind
the legend.
RNEY INTO THE UNKOWN
BY ANGELA TRISHER

DELETE
ALL ENTRIES
YES
NO

YES
NO

...REALLY SORRY WE COULDN'T FIND YOUR UNCLES.

DO YOU WANT TO COME INSIDE WHILE I MAKE SOME CALLS?

IS THAT WHERE YOU LIVE?

?!

OY! YOU BETTER WRAP UP THE SECRET MEETING, I THINK BETTY'S COMING UP THE STAIRS!

?

?

IT'S FINE. SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE US ANYWAY.

WELL, EXCEPT FOR MOT. BUT I'M SURE HE CAN HIDE IN A CLOSET OR SOMETHING.

HILARIOUS.

HE'S RIGHT THO.

SHE MAY BE INTO SKULLS. BUT IF SHE FINDS A WALKING SKELETON IN HER LIVING ROOM, SHE'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK.

HA! SKELETON IN THE CLOSET!

I JUST GOT IT.

VERY WELL.
I'LL PUT MY DISGUISE BACK ON.
WHAT? NO, THAT'S NOT...
COME ON IN. RIGHT THIS WAY.
HEEEEEEEEY, BETTY!
WHAT UP GAL PAL?
ANGIE, YOU'RE UP ALREADY?

THIS IS MY FLATMATE, ANGELA.

ANGIE, MEET MY NEW FRIEND.

HI, NICE TO MEET YOU.

HI ANGIE, I LIKE YOUR NAME.

THANK YOU. WHAT'S YOURS?

SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T HAVE ONE.

BUT I'M SURE WE CAN REMEDY THAT, CAN'T WE?

OH, YOU DON'T WANT BETTY NAMING YOU KID.

SHE'S A BOTANIST. SHE'LL NAME YOU AFTER SOME FLOWER OR FICUS OR SOMETHING.

OH REALLY? OKAY.

HOW ABOUT LILY THEN?

LILY?

OKAY, I LIKE THAT!

...SERIOUSLY?

JUST TO SPITE YOU, BITCH.

JUST TO SPITE YOU.